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Makes Home Baking Easy

With minimum trouble and cost biscuit, cake and pastry are made fresh, clean and greatly superior to the ready-made, dry, found-in-the-shop variety, and danger of alum food is avoided.

NEW USE FOR THE SCHOOLS

Plan Is Put Forward to Utilize Some of the Sixty Per Cent. Waste Time.

The American school plant is valued at more than \$1,000,000,000, and as used for school purposes alone utilizes but thirty-nine per cent. of the time which could be given to the needs of the community. This, according to the National Magazine, represents a total loss of school plants to the country of more than \$30,000,000 every year.

An active movement is now taking place to turn school property during the summer months into children's playgrounds and places of amusement and to make them the center of recreation, of political and social life, the same as in country places, where they serve many purposes, oftentimes even for church services.

Evening schools, free lectures, indoor sports, folk dances, civic and educational meetings and gymnastic exercises are among the things mentioned for which school plants should be utilized. It is proposed by some to have the schoolhouses opened every day of the week, Sundays included, so that the community may get the greatest possible benefit from them.

If this movement grows pupils will no longer find after vacation a musty smelling deserted building, but rather one which has been in use every day in the year by those who love to give the public every possible advantage of the buildings provided for public purposes.

What Do You Have?

We have everything that a first-class grocery store should have to supply the wants of a fine trade.

Fresh supply of fine hams and breakfast bacon, pound cakes and fine loaf bread.

Respectfully,
M. WALLER

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Insurance
and
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Company.**

An Infant Cuvier.
Miss Griggs easily induced the wealthy Mrs. May to let her son Freddie join the vacation class in natural history that she was organizing for children.

"I'm sure he'll love it!" said Mrs. May, with surprising enthusiasm. "And you will find that he knows a lot about natural history already."

"Indeed! That is very pleasant," murmured Miss Griggs, vaguely, for she was not prepared for scientific attainments in a spoiled boy of five.

"Yes," said Mrs. May, complacently, "ever since Freddie was a baby the chef has made all his blanc-mange in the shape of rabbits and squirrels, and only lately he has begun to make him marshmallow frogs and chickens and turtles, and Freddie simply worships them—you can't get him to touch anything in a plain mold!"

"I am sure," concluded Mrs. May, "that you will find Freddie very advanced for his age."—Youth's Companion.

When Artists Can't Agree.

Lodging complaints against artists is a common diversion of their fellow tenants who lack the artistic temperament, but the most unusual grievance and from her standpoint the most vital has been registered by the janitress of a building largely occupied by struggling painters.

"Let them daub away all they please in their own rooms," she said; "that is nobody's business, but for goodness sake let them leave the clothes poles in the backyard alone. They paint them fresh every few days because no two of the artists can agree on an appropriate color, and when plain people who don't mind looking at a plain clothes pole hang out their wash the clothes get all smeared with fresh paint."

Monkeys and Gum.

In tropical countries the natives have many unique ways of catching monkeys. One of them, as explained by a traveler, is this: The hunters walk about in short boots in sight of the monkeys. Then they take the boots off, place some gum in the bottoms and leave them on the ground, withdrawing themselves to a great distance. Presently the monkeys come down from the trees and try on the boots and when the hunters come after them the boots stick to the feet of the monkeys and they are unable to climb. Thus the imitative little animals are captured.

Machine Shop

We are now prepared to repair your engine or other machinery, do your plumbing and other work in our line. Shop near freight depot. **AUSTIN & CORRELL**

The Spirit of Dawn

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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Blood lines are far-flung. The pull of them had brought Sara from the western range. Elizabeth from remote Texas, back to a little New England village, the home town of their joint great-grandfather. The charm of it laid instant hold on them—they loved the staunch white houses, green-shuttered and set about with immemorial elms, the broad streets, the orderly elegance, the quiet of everything.

Most of all they loved Great-Aunt Martha, mistress of the old homestead. She made them welcome with a certain prim tenderness that went straight to their bubbling hearts. Notwithstanding, upon the third morning after arrival, Elizabeth, who was irrepressible, woke Sara with an impatient shake, saying:

"Think! Hard! What shall we, what can we do? We simply must do something."

"What thing needs doing?" Sara grumbled sleepily.

Elizabeth shook her again. "Bringing this place to life," she said. "It died at least a hundred years ago—don't you think it has waited long enough for resurrection?"

"I'll tell you—after I've dreamed about it," Sara mumbled, sinking back on her pillow.

Elizabeth shook her fist at her, but did not further disturb her. Instead, she hurried on her frock, tiptoed downstairs, undid the back door cautiously and slid out into the garden, the loveliest garden, in full late June bloom, overrun with spice pinks, honeysuckle, sweet Betsys and hundred-leaf roses.

Elizabeth's frock matched exactly the pink of the roses—her hair, black and silky, was braided tightly behind each ear. It was her only head-covering, so as she stood slim and virginal among the flowers at sunrise she looked the very incarnation of youth.

It was a sight to make any man's heart beat, let alone that of a young fellow, and an artist, intoxicated with



Looked the Incarnation of Youth.

the joy of the morning. Since the earliest dawn Phil Craig had been sauntering through the least frequented ways, peering into gardens, noting the creeping light, the melting shadows, now and again sketching roughly some bit that appealed especially. He had come to the village, from years of study abroad, to rest, he had told himself, not to work—yet here was work laying hold on him in the very outset.

He stood ambushed in the shade of a thick hawthorn. Elizabeth did not see him until as she turned half about, he called huskily: "Be still! Please! Just a minute more!" his fingers flying as he spoke. As he caught her startled look, he explained: "You are the Soul of Dawn! I want to make you immortal."

That was the beginning. Elizabeth did not tell it, even to Sara. Instead, she was gracefully, and graciously distant, when the next afternoon Phil managed to have himself fetched to the house and be properly presented. His eyes twinkled—otherwise he was as proper as she. But when they walked out in company with Sara and young Mason, his social sponsor, to view the garden beauties, he half-whispered: "You are the Soul of Dawn—and something more."

After that, Old Town village came to life with a vengeance. Phil did the most of it, fetching in autos, other young men, indeed all manner of worldly things. He refused to set up a studio, but now and again tell furiously to work under shade of a white umbrella. He made studies of all the old gardens round about, of orchard nooks, of hatched stone walls, with a dapple of shine and shadow playing upon them.

Never by any chance did Elizabeth figure in the studies. Yet she knew he made pictures of her. After a little the knowledge fretted her. Her father would not like it—of that she was sure. Neither would Billy Vance. It was all settled that she was to marry Billy, after they were both grown up. Her father thought her hardly more than a baby at nineteen—and Billy's parent had the same opinion regarding a lad of two-and-twenty.

Sara knew all about Billy, save and except his name. Sara pursued

her lips comically over Craig's evident enthrallment—and once said, shutting one eye: "If there was a wireless station handy I'd sent a flash to that young man down in Texas."

But she was a good fellow—much too good to spoil sport. Elizabeth meant it all for no more than sport until, all at once, with no word of warning, Billy came to Old Town.

"Couldn't help it—with home so hot, and all the things you told of going on up here," he explained. "Hay rides and boat rides, and auto rides and everything. Gee! I felt I must get into the game."

"You'll have no trouble whatever, honey," Sara said, coming up behind Billy and Elizabeth. "I'm nobody but Sara," she went on. "Let me recommend myself, though, as the latest improved variety of gooseberry. I can look 'bless you, my children, in three languages, and seven ways at once. And you'll need to bless me—but for my vigilance Elizabeth would have been run away with long ago."

"I'd say it—even without that," Billy answered gallantly, holding both Sara's hands and looking down into her eyes. They were blue eyes, but snappy for all that. They returned his gaze steadily until Sara felt moved to say:

"You don't look Texas—not the least bit—but, then, neither does Elizabeth."

"Do not forgive us! Nobody can quite look Texas—it's the finest state anywhere," Billy answered, loyally. "But we do the best we can."

A week showed that Billy could, and did, fit in beautifully. Craig, even, could not resist him after the first two hours. Billy had a way with him, as insinuating as his gentle, slurring drawl; moreover, he was gallant, also a beautiful spender, and plentifully supplied with wherewithal to spend. His spending was without ostentation, yet he managed somehow to pay always a little more than his share. Craig swore at him inwardly over the fact. Aloud it was quite impossible.

Elizabeth exulted in Billy—as a comrade, though, not a possession. She had been too happy to think beyond the moment—she was happy still, but with underneath a sense of disquiet. Something surprised now and then, in Craig's eyes, some inflection of his voice when he was off guard, formed the roots of the disquiet. Dimly she understood what she had come to mean to him—as dimly she felt that he ought to know the truth—yet she would rather die than tell him.

Thus, uneasy and perplexed, she turned instinctively to the thought of Sara. Perhaps, if Sara tried, she could make Craig forget—Elizabeth had a faith simply boundless in her cousin. A level head had Sara—with her, to will was to do. Elizabeth hoped she might will to captivate Craig—if it were put upon the ground of cousinly succor.

When woman disposes man sometimes proposes. At the end of a fortnight Billy's mind was made up. He chuckled a bit over the final making up, saying to his cigar: "We'll go home to get married—all of us—only thing to do—it'll pacify the judge and Marse Willyum."

Marse Willyum was his father, the judge, Elizabeth's. After his disrespectful comment upon them, Billy strolled over to the Howland place, smiling his most innocent smile.

He found things taking place there—things unusual. In the wide dim parlor rarely opened, Craig had set up a picture nearly complete, the Spirit of Dawn—Elizabeth to the life, but Elizabeth transfigured by love and the morning. Billy looked at the picture, his eyes dimming the least bit. Then he laid a hand on Craig's arm, saying: "I must have that."

Craig shook his head—he dared not speak. Billy went on: "I'll pay you a price for it. You can't deny I have the right to it."

"I won't sell it," Craig said curtly. "Even if it were finished, nobody could buy it."

"Then give it to me," Billy persisted.

Craig glared at him—Billy smiled infinitesimally. "As a wedding present, you know," he went on. "You oughtn't to grudge it to me and—Sara," striding to that young woman, and slipping his arm about her waist. "I meant to say I'd give you the original," he added. "But I really reckon she isn't mine to give."

"Shut up! And come out on the porch," Sara interrupted, shaking her head at Billy. "Don't you see those two can't speak until they catch breath?"

"Just as you say, boss," Billy answered meekly, but chuckling hard. Over his shoulder he saw Craig and Elizabeth locked tight in each other's arms.

Films of New York.

With fifteen manufacturers of motion pictures actively engaged in business in New York, it remained for a Philadelphia concern to send a troupe to the city to photograph bits of New York scenes in response to the demand from the out-of-town exhibitors. New York sights are so familiar to New Yorkers that they fail to realize that the man in Grand Island, Neb., never has seen the famous skyline or the East River bridges, so the troupe from Philadelphia is just now adding comedy to the sights, to the huge delight of the small boys, who are quick to recognize their friends from the "movies" in flesh and blood.

Naturally.

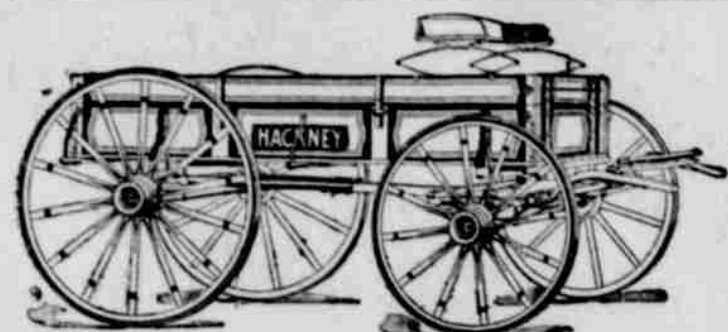
"Is there any uplift about this new writer?"

"You bet there is! He writes aviation stories."



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